THE COLUMBIAN CALL

VOL. I. WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 4, 1895. NUMBER 4.

IN SIGHT

Was Victory During the Last Half of the Thanksgiving Day Game.

The 'Varsity Eleven Put up a Wonderful Fight and Lose by a Beggarly Two Points.

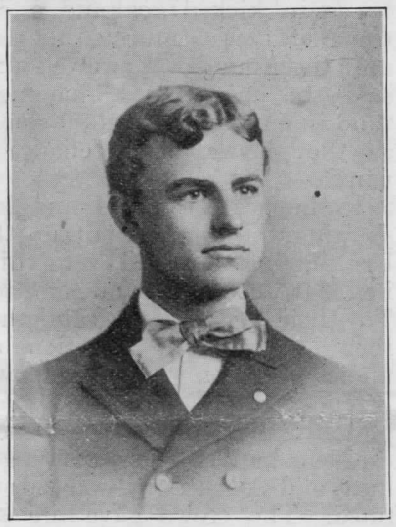
How the Game Was Won and Lost.



It was the evening preceding the day that the nation gives thanks that Farmer Moore stepped out of the back door of the weather bureau, and as he watched the sun set in a glory of red, he 'lowed to his hired man, "Tomorry 'll be a mighty fine day, Sammy, or I don't know the signs."

And Farmer Moore was right. The first rollicking ray of sunlight that tumbled up over the horizon the next morning caught the Capital still adoze. It found a hazy fog in charge, but with the other yellow fellows at its heels it soon cleared the atmosphere, and a glorious fall day was placed at Washington's disposal. Thanksgiving has become one of the nation's holidays, care is forgotten, business pushed aside, and the average citizen gives his mind to prayer, play and——pummeling. The only ones on duty are preachers and policemen, the first rejuvenating souls and the second destroying them in an honest effort to keep everybody moving and in order.

By two o'clock the church duties had been performed, and humanity sought an afternoon of enjoyment. The theatres got their share, but he who loved the give and take in life, whose heart beat quicker at the sight of swelling muscle and headlong charge, pushed his way through the gates at the North Capitol park to watch Columbian's pride, the 'Varsity Eleven, line up before the long-haired youths from the Columbia Athletic Club. At the hour mentioned the sight at the grounds was a bonny one. Three thousand people, brave men and fair women, surrounded the gridiron. Along the western side was the new grand stand, alive with color and animation. The red and blue of the C. A. C. contingent, mixed with the orange and blue of the 'Varsity people. On the eastern and south sides students and club men pressed against the ropes. On the eastern were also the conveyances, and there were traps, fixes, victorias, busses and tally-ho's aplenty. It was a good-natured crowd, and although the inclination to guy was strong at all times it never



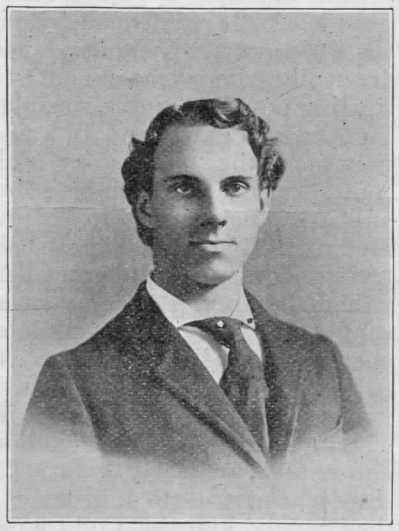
REEVE LEWIS, COACH.

grew brutal, and in the hot struggle that followed was always broad enough to cheer a good play, no matter who made it.

The C. A. C. team arrived first on the ground, their buss being followed by a smart looking tally-ho, drawn by four dancing bang-tails, the vehicle containing a number of clubmen, picked because they knew the club songs and cries and owned good lungs. Every time C. A. C. made a good play they were in evidence. They sang fairly well, and put lots of heart into that mossy old number, "Don't you hear dem bells." They also exercised a parody on "Only one girl in the world for me," until it creaked.

The 'Varsity team swung through the big gates at the south end, on a big yellow tally-ho, with the fateful word Trilby blazoned across its rear end in sombre letters. A small boy with a wealth of freckles blown into his dirty face, a boy that you meet every day on the street crying "'Ork pap', 'nxtra 'dition," got a look at the padded hairy fellows, as the coach twisted through the portals, and then broke out, "Hi, dere, you duffers, cross your fingers, spit on your left foot. You're hoodooed, Trilby 'll queer you. You won't come one, two, three, wid dat behind yer." In the light of the result the street arab's prophecy is worth considering when the elements that produced defeat are examined. Readers of Du Maurier's clever work will also remember that the heroine could not sing until she was hypnotized. The team was not hypnotized.

The 'Varsity eleven was given a royal welcome as the vehicle pulled up by the eastern side, and many admiring and hopeful expressions were showered upon the men as they clambered down to the ground. They hurried out on the field, and Cockrell soon had them hard at work limbering up and getting in trim. As the spectators looked the two teams over before play began, the difference in their weight and age was apparent to every observing eye. The 'Varsity men, though heavily padded for the fray, were at a conservative estimate ten pounds lighter to the man than their opponents. The club men looked older, and they showed in their style of play the benefit that comes of practice and a series of games with other clubs. They had had two hard fought battles with trained elevens shortly before this, and in their preliminary work they moved with plenty of vim, snap and confidence. On the other hand, the 'Varsity line had been selected on the Tuesday evening before the game, and consequently had never had a chance to test their ability or remedy defects in a struggle with another eleven. And this was apparent all through the fight.



EWING COCKRELL, CAPTAIN.

In the toss-up for position Columbia won, and immediately chose the south end, throwing the sun into the 'Varsity face. As the teams faced each other the line-up was as follows:

C. A. C.	Positions.	C. U.
Walsh	Left end	Waggaman
Hecox	Left tackle	D. Fugitt
Busey	Left guard	Shuster
Underwood	Center	Johnson
D. McConville	Right guard	Cummings
McGowan	Right tackle	Gambrill
Wisner	Right end	C. Fugitt
Hooker	Left half	Beard, Lewis
Maupin, Kohr	Right half	Cockrell
Clark	Full back	Weaver
Parson	Quarter back	McDonald, Mills

Umpire—Al. Leet. Referee—Dr. Church
Linesmen—Ormsby Cameron and Grant Burroughs.

The 'Varsity had the ball and Shuster made a pretty kick and both teams pushed to a down. The orange and blue set a cracking pace and rushed the ball down Columbia's back yard, Beard making a clever little run of ten yards around Columbia's end before a pile-up could be made on the pigskin. Cockrell, from the start, was the only general on the ground. He was always cool, aggressive and resolute. His rugged, thinking leadership seemed to fire his men and keep a question mark on the face of the enemy. The lighter men became dare-devils at his call. Time and time again Columbia's beef piled up on little Waggaman, and he would stagger up white and panting from the bottom of the heap, only to attempt some hazardous work as soon as he got his wind back. The ill luck that seemed to follow him in this particular roused the ire of the small boy whose face was a symphony in freckles. They had the left end down again, and the urchin leaned over the rope and screamed: "Get off dat kid, you big blokes, git off I say, er I'll come over and eat out yo' eyes. Say, you don't have to make a door-mat out of him to play foot ball. Aw, you're not packing pork or baling hay."

The 'Varsity lost her advantage and Columbia got the ball, Clark kicking to center. In the game so far the 'Varsity men had shown up well. McDowell had made a mistake or two, but balanced it with some brilliant work in advancing the ball. Gambrill was strong in blocking and interference, while Cockrell, Waggaman, Weaver, Beard and the Fugitts were very much in the game from the time the whistle had sounded. The C. A. C. seemed to be stronger in their interference and team work, while the indixidual an open work of the 'Varsity was sharper and more pronounced. From Clark's kick to center the red and blue steadily forced the ball up the field, Cockrell's men contesting every inch of ground on the road to the goal posts. The club men did not play the cleanest of ball and got put back several times for off-side

playing. Clark of the C. A. C. was putting up a good fight at this time and eventually carried the ball over the line for the first touch-down. He then undertook to kick goal, and had he not have missed the goal post by about ten yards he might have done so. His chagrin was apparent and the college men gave him a "roast" of the dark brown variety. Clark, strictly speaking is not a beauty, nature never intended him to play understudy to Henry E. Dixy's 'Adonis," and in moments of excitement the upper register of his voice recalls, with a shudder, the memory of a falsetto fog horn on a malaria bound coast. Those who love him call him "Cotton," and when he shrugged his shoulders, and said "shoot!,' or something else equally severe after failing to kick the goal, the coquettish instincts of the students boiled over and they offered him lots of advice. "That's too bad, Sarah, you couldn't kick because of your skirts. Alice, you will spoil those opera toes if you hurt the ball that hard again. Now, girls, wasn't that just too mean for anything." Clark looked a profound contempt for the jollying, and took it out by calling his men off and giving them some instructions. The first half closed with the score four to nothing in favor of Columbia. The 'Varsity rooters were rapidly losing heart and the C. A. C. quartette proceeded to wring tears from all present with "Don't You Hear Dem Bells."

The University's medical contingent at this stage of the fight made up their mind to boom the 'Varsity cause, so headed by the famous skull that was first publicly introduced at President Whitman's inauguration, they entered the field during the ten-minute rest between halves, and with horns and banners made a most inspiring parade. Waggaman also climbed a goal post and nailed up a lucky horseshoe. The Medicos and Waggaman are now claiming the success in the second half was all due to this demonstration.

One of the interested spectators at the game was a sturdy built young fellow with a shock of light curly hair, surmounted by a brown derby, and wearing a long, blue overcoat. It was Phil King, at one time Princeton's leading quarter-back, and to-day one of the most competent foot ball critics in this country. During the intermission THE CALL representative had a chat with him, and among other things he was asked what he thought of the 'Varsity playing in the light of the fact that this was their first game, with no practice behind it.

"It is very good," answered the blue-eyed fellow, promptly. "Above the average, I should say. The C. A. C. show better interference and closer team work, and, in my opinion, should win the game, but Cockrell as a captain is as good as they make them. If he had had the men to have strengthened his weak points and a few more days practice at his disposal, the game might have a different history."

During the rest the 'Varsity leader was rapidly mapping out work and making some changes in the team. He put on Mills at the quarter, and the brilliant work of the new man as soon as the game was renewed justified the change. The C. A. C. felt confident of winning, and many of them were offering two to one, with but few takers. One of them, a beautiful boy, with a Rob Roy tie and a lanced smile, walked by the student section and wanted to bet, so he said. A hot blush and some silk down contended for the mastery of his face. His generally inoffensive look made every mother present at the game want to coddle him. Life to him was one long, sweet song, and he had had hard work keeping the tears of joy back every time he said "we fellahs at the club," and his inclination was to say it every thirty seconds. He owned $2, and he was willing to wager them against one of the Dick Bland breed that "his club" would win. The crowd didn't sympathize with him a little bit, and acted positively brutal about the matter. They told him to buy the meat and take the change home to his mother, as he had been ordered to and some one else suggested that is he had $3 to spend at one time he would go to utter ruin. During the second half some one looked for the Rob Roy tie and the $2, and they were not to be found, the presumption being that they were under the blankets in the club tally-ho, trying to subdue a congestive chill.

The second half opened with a rush. Eddie Mills made a good interference, and the orange and blue men yelled "Good eye, Eddie, good eye." It seemed to inspire the little quarter-back, he danced about like a two-year-old at the starting post. Columbia was playing a ragged game, and in a flash they made the star misplay of the contest. It was Columbia's ball and it had been passed to Maupin. He butter-fingered it like a baby trying to grasp an apple, and Mills wriggled through like a snake, caught up the oval, found an opening, and fled away up the field like a scared bunny, with never a C. A. C. man in reaching distance. He made the touchdown and Shuster kicked goal. The score was now 6 to 4, in favor of the 'Varsity, and the College people were wild. They yowled, wang-banged and cat called. Mills was pronounced a peach, a hot potato, a bird. Some healthy lungs gave the invitation, "Eat dinner on me, Eddie, I'll pay the freight." Another sang:

"Everybody takes their hat off to him,
Stars in the bright sky shine,
Living on the south side of Easy street,
This is our night to dine."

But the 'Varsity had just begun. Cockrell, who had gone through the Columbia line like a Norse giant, time and time again, suddenly determined to fight his way through for a touchdown. It seemed impossible. They were as thick around him as wolves about a stag at bay. Clasping the pigskin he ducked, dodged and doubled, wriggled, rolled and ran, and at last was free. Straight for the enemy's goal he bounded and no one headed him. Cockrell is not a graceful runner, but as he sped toward the goal post he was the most beautiful object the 'Varsity had beheld that afternoon. Shuster again kicked goal and a cyclone of noise saturated the air over the grounds. "Twelve-four," said the orange and blue men. "and in our favor; well, it looks as though we had a chance to win."

In the face of this discouraging showing, the C. A. C. put up the best playing they had yet exhibited. It was clean and compact. To their honor, be it said, that they adopted no questionable tactics, and soon won a touchdown through sheer pluck and good playing. In a scrimmage Beard, the left half of the 'Varsity, got hurt, and Coach Lewis was substituted. The crowd gave him an ovation as he carefully laid aside his mascot, a big, yellow chrysanthemum, stripped the blue sweater from his muscular shoulders and took his place in the line. He was in evidence from the start, and the first down placed some effective interference to his credit.

The score was now 12–8 in favor of the University, and the club men were still using a three X grade of play. Slowly they ground their way toward the University goal. Both sides were fighting like bulldogs with a good hold. Every few feet there would be a down and a pile-up. Hundreds of watches were being pulled out and looked at. Columbians were asking each other, Is not the half up? The men are now close to the goal line and a down is made. A wrangle immediately ensues. C. A. C. claim that the ball was over the line and it is a touchdown; the 'Varsity hold that it was this side, and it is nothing but a down. The owner of the freckles and the Tammany dialect crawls under the ropes and shrills: "Aw! say, I saw youse push dat ball over de line. Say, did youse t'ink you wuz playing checkers en it wuz your move. Dat line aint injun rubber. Trun 'em down, Umpire, trun 'em down, de game aint over."

The referee, Dr. Church, decided that it was a touchdown, and Clark, for the third time, attempted to kick goal for the red and blue crowd. He did it, and shortly after the whistle blew for the close of the half. Score 14–12, in favor of C. A. C.

The fight was over. Weary, but not dispirited, Cockrell's gallant band tramped up to the north end of the grid-iron. Hundreds of college men were about them, kindly voices told them that they were the best of their kind, the virtual winners of the game. Cockrell took the defeat like a thoroughbred. "We did the best we could," was his simple answer to the congratulations that were poured upon him. The University was first and last thing he thought of. In the midst of the talk he suddenly straightened himself and gathering the men about him, said: "Now, fellows, once more for the 'Varsity," and the evening air caught a big, round edition of the College yell. And then they hoisted him upon their shoulders, did that cheering group, and Maverick Brander-like he was carried to the quarters.

It was a defeat, and yet the wearers of the orange and blue seem as happy as though their banner had floated in triumph over the grid-iron.

University News.

The College.

The College adjourned on Monday at 10 a. m., in order that the students might be able to attend the opening of Congress.

One of the most instructive lectures in the series of public lectures being given by the University was the one delivered by Hon. James H. Eckels, Comptroller of the Treasury, on "National Banks," yesterday.

Mr. E. K. Broadus has been in Virginia spending the Thanksgiving holidays. He returned today.

Owing to the holiday on Friday there was no session of the Enosinian on that day. At the next meeting the new officers will be installed and an interesting program will be carried out.

Prof. Theo. Nicolas Gill, Ph. D., L.L. D., the famous authority on zoology, lectured on the "History of Civilization" before Dr. Lodge's classes Tuesday a week ago. It was an instructive and able address.

Schade, our crack rider, returned Monday from Portsmouth,

Va., where he represented the College in the bicycle races there on Thanksgiving Day. He entered five events and won five firsts, besides lowering the track record and winning for the fourth time the championship of Virginia. In his sky blue suit, with its broad orange sash, he is said to have captured the hearts of all the Virginia girls.

Dr. Sterrett, who says that he never misses attending the annual convention of the Theta Delta Chi Fraternity, reports that at the banquet of the Forty-ninth Annual Convention, held in Boston last week, 106 of the old and young fathers and sons, members of the Fraternity, thoroughly enjoyed a feast of reason and flow of soul, with the entire absence of liquors of any kind.

The famous Freshman organization of last year, known as the "C. T. M. Dramatic Club," will be organized some time during the next week.

The question before the Society for Philosophical Inquiry on December 3 was a discussion of the throng of the thing and its qualities. The principal speakers were Drs. J Macbride Sterrett and Henry Farquhar.

The two bazaars now in progress in this city will be well patronized by the students of the College. The Columbia Athletic Club Carnival, in their club house, will draw a large portion of their members, as a number of our boys are members of that club. The Teachers' Relief Bazaar, in Convention Hall, will also be well patronized, owing both to its worthy objects and to its splendid entertainment promised.

Dr. Montague spent his Thanksgiving Day holiday at the session of the Association of the Colleges and Schools of the Middle and Eastern States, held in Easton, Pa. He left Washington Thursday afternoon and returned Sunday night. Dr. Montague is a member of the Executive Committee of the Association, and in behalf of the President and Faculty of the University, invited it to hold its next meeting in Washington, and it is probable that it will do so. Speaking of the assembly Dr. Montague said: "It was an inspiration to look over the body of distinguished men and women representing institutions of higher learning. The papers read were able, and were striking for their usefulness and power."

The supper by the Epsilon Chapter, Sigma Chi, will take place at the Philadelphia Oyster House on Thursday evening, December 5th. It is expected that about twenty brothers will be in attendance. A full account of the dinner will appear in next week's CALL.

Medical Notes.

The class of '96 held its election of officers for the coming year last week, the officers elected being H. T. A. Lemon, president, and Eugene Le Merle, secretary. It has always been the custom of the College for the graduating class to have an organization and officers separate from the general class organization, for the transaction of the business of commencement peculiar to itself.

Dan and Aleck "held up" the medical students for a contribution the day before Thanksgiving with gratifying results.

This year, for the first time in the history of the University, the Medical and Dental schools were given holiday from Thanksgiving Day until the following Monday. This was done by the unanimous vote of the faculty, at the request of a delegation from the students, and is certainly establishing a precedent worth following in future years.

The Medical was the only school represented by a tally-ho at the foot ball game last week.

Professor de Schweinitz returned to town in time to view Thursday's game from the upper deck of the Medical tally-ho. Dr. Shute was also on board.

Dr. Jaisohn, one of Dr. Reed's assistants in the bacteriological laboratory, has gone to Japan, to be away until the summer. His place will be filled by Dr. Rupert Norton. Dr. Norton is a graduate of Harvard and Johns Hopkins.

Professor Huntington and Professor Munroe, of the College, spent the Thanksgiving holidays with Dr. Shute, at his country place, "The Oaks," in Farquhar County, Va.

LAW SCHOOL.

MOOT COURT CASES.

The first five cases assigned by Professor Johnson for the Moot Court are as follows:

1. Involving the legality of process in a suit at law against a resident of Pennsylvania; said process having been served in the District.

Long and Miller for the plaintiff; Jordan and Wingfield for defendant.

2. Involving the admissibility of parol evidence to show that a party to a note was surety; also release of said surety after time had been extended without his notice.

Scofield and Clark for plaintiff; Powell and Evans for defendant.

3. An action in ejectment.

Nye and Keene for plaintiff; Rawlings and Niess for defendant.

4. Involving the capacity of married women to sue and be sued.

Cortleyou and Hildreth for plaintiff; Werntz and Able for defendant.

5. Involving jurisdiction of certain courts.

Macey and Tullis for plaintiff; McLean and Gentsch for defendant.

Academy.

The feeling at the Academy over the recent foot ball game is by no means a sour one. Everyone seems to think our team did better than expected, and we are proud to have three able men from our school upon it.

About one-sixth of our boys are devotees of the wheel, to say nothing of Prof. Wilber himself. There are probably five different manufactures represented, the wheels being owned by F. N. Everett, A. L. Hopkins, Walter Woodward, Mullen, Dunlop, Spear, Chittenden and others.

That senior class organization has not come off yet. There is a hitch somewhere, and Charley Holmead, W. Ritchie and Van Auken are in tears.

There is no doubt that the Academy is well versed in yells. There is a new one recently introduced which has not been practiced much. This is a pity, as it has a good deal of ring and snap to it. It is as follows:

"Rah-rah! Rah-rah!
Rah-rah! Rah-rah!
Hur-r-rah! Hur-r-rah!
Colum-bian A-cad-emy!
Rah-rah-rah!"

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—has stood a test of twenty-five years—
—and the demand hasn't stopped grow—
—ing.

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SEE MERTZ ABOUT IT.
COR. F AND 11TH.

The Columbian Call.

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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1895.

AFTER all, there is not much difference between a foot ball player and a wise man selecting a college paper, for one kicks the ball and the other picks THE CALL.

THE earth is estimated to weigh 5,842 trillion tons. Oh, yes, it's heavy, but not any heavier than the load on the C. A. C. heart during the last half of that Thanksgiving Day game.

THE paraphrase was ready, and if we could have only staved off that final touch down its creators were ready to sing:

"Don't you hear dem bells?
They are ringing out the death knell of my soul,
C. A., C. A., C. A."

A GEORGETOWN supporter is said to have pronounced the recent advice offered Georgetown athletes by THE CALL as "the most unwarranted attack imaginable." At the risk of again offending some sensitive soul we rise to inquire if it is not the rule for the enemy to look upon an attack as unwarranted?

THE holidays that came with Thanksgiving have resulted, as this number indicates, in a dearth of college and society news. THE CALL desires to make full reports of all college happenings, and local news of all sorts will receive a hearty welcome in the editorial room. Subscribers and friends are asked to make a note of any matter of interest to the students and the University, and hand it to any member of the staff or leave it at the desk in the college building for publication. We want to chronicle the comings and goings, witticisms, gossip, achievements, births, deaths, gatherings — everything, in fact, connected with Columbian life. Consider yourself appointed a special reporter, working under the iron-bound order "never be scooped on a piece of news."

DOES it pay? is the sober query put by the conservative American father after his mind has been called to the subject of foot ball as a part of his son's college course. He reads of rigid training rules, of fierce encounters, and of young fellews borne from the field limp and apparently lifeless. The cost is too great; the risk too high; he must not take it up, is his usual decision. And yet, the students of the game do not agree with his stand. They honestly hold that the results justify whatever risk the young man assumes. They argue that the game is rapidly evoluting; that the plays that were the cause of so many accidents in the past are being eliminated, and the sport is slowly returning to the style of play originally effected by Arnold and other clear-headed and hearted men of Rugby.

To one who closely watched last Thursday's game the conclusion is inevitable that every man of the eleven that battled for the University banner is better off for the part he played. Cockrell's leadership approached the magnificent, his splendid courage seemed to act like wine on the men about him. They obeyed him implicitly, and "blocked," "tackled" and "interfered" as fast as his code signals came. At the close of the gloomy first half their play was just as plucky and spirited as though the score showed them to be winning and prosperous. When at last the fortune of battle veered their way they took it quietly and modestly, and the impassive face of the leader gave no indication of the hopes and fears that surged his soul. When defeat came they stood it like men. They left sour looks and disgruntled remarks to others, and, wiping the dirt and sweat from their faces, they joined in a lusty college cry. They are better off by reason of that afternoon's work, better off physically, better off mentally, stronger in judgment and obedience that comes with drill and organization, and richer in the philosophy that always comes with defeat.

We have a right to question the decision of the conservative American father.

H. T. A. LEMON.



A LEADING MEDICO.

Hanson T. A. Lemon was born in Baltimore, Md. His parents came from Virginia, his father, Rev. J. H. M. Lemon, being a Methodist minister and member of the Baltimore conference, being the third of his brothers who selected the ministry as their life work. Mr. Lemon received his early education in the public schools of Baltimore, afterwards entering the Baltimore City College, where he took the full five years' course, graduating with the class of '87, shortly after his eighteenth birthday. Throughout his college career he was an active member of the Carrollton Debating Society. At the close of his college work he prepared himself for teaching, and he followed this calling the year after he graduated, at Annapolis Junction. He took an active interest in his work, and while at that point was elected treasurer of the Anne Arundel Teachers' Association. In December, 1889, he secured a position in the Washington public schools, and the following year was promoted to the principalship of the Bradley School. In February, 1891, he was again promoted, this time to the principalship of the Jefferson School, which position he now occupies.

In October, 1890, he was elected a a member of the Board of Education of the Y. M. C. A., an office that he still holds. In September, 1892, he entered the law department of Columbian University, and after one month's work and deliberation he gave it up and took up the study of medicine in the medical department. He took an active interest in his studies and associates, and has been honored several times by his mates. He is now in the fourth year and a member of the graduating class. On the 8th of the past month he was elected president of the General Class of the Medical Department, and on the 12th his fellow members made him the executive head of the graduating class. Mr. Lemon is an enthusiastic member of the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity, and is serving his second term as presiding officer of the Alpha chapter of Columbian University. At the beginning of this college year he was chosen to assist Dr. A. F. A. King on his subject for 1895-6. He is deeply interested in athletics, and has been one of the whole-souled supporters of the 'Varsity foot ball team.

REALIZATION.

Yes, he was a poet; 'twas easy to know it,
For in rhyme he wrote of the sea,
And could blissfully go into ecstacy, O!
On a flowing main and the lea,
The ocean rife should be his life
With the ships from climes afar,
And he's had his way; he's hustling to-day
Pushing schooners over a bar.

G. U.

Communicated.

Editor of THE CALL.

DEAR SIR: The recent appointment of Mr. Charles Tilden Sempers, of Aiker, Md., to the position of manager of University Extension Lectures and teacher of English, is one every way in keeping with the dignity and honor of the University.

The two best preparatory schools in America are Philips' Exeter, of Andover, and the Boston Latin School. Mr. Sempers was fitted at the former, and had the honor of being the class poet on graduation day.

Mr. Sempers then entered Harvard, was connected with the college papers, was the refounder of the Signet (for it had fallen away after Charles J. Banapath, its founder, left college, and it was in a languishing condition) and was the founder of the P. A. E., a famous college club, known and honored at all the American colleges.

Mr. Sempers had a commencement part, always a very high honor, at Harvard. During his college career he was on the editorial staff of all the Harvard College papers. The writer of the sketch knew him as a post-graduate student and as president of the Philosophical Club of Harvard, which club had its palmiest days under Mr. Sempers' tactful management and fine organizing ability.

Mr. Sempers' degrees are A. B., 1888, and L.L. B. and A. M., 1891.

He ought to receive a hearty welcome to our Institution, as he will to the city, by all Harvard men. Respectfully, A. F. C.

Society Doings.

The Columbian Corcoran Society.

The most interesting meeting of the new organization of the scientific School occurred Saturday, Nov. 23, in the chemistry lecture hall. Late in the day it was announced that Dr. Whitman would address the society and every class after 8 o'clock was deserted.

There being as yet no president, Miss Harriet Cameron, vice president, occupied the chair. At 8.15 she introduced Dr. Whitman, who was greeted with unmistakable signs of pleasure.

In the course of his address, he said:

"If there be any need of a word of approbation and encouragement from the faculty that word I bring you, and, if necessary, bid you Godspeed. In student life there is much need of association. * * * This is a day of specialties, and one is apt to lose himself in his own particular work and thus become narrow. * * * Two hundred years ago the curriculum of Oxford College would not compare favorably with the course of the High Schools of to-day. Then it was possible for one man to compass the entire course. To-day one must necessarily confine himself to a small part of the world's learning. In improving this small corner one is likely to forget the remainder of the world. So it is necessary that special effort be made to touch with the world at all points possible."

After the applause awakened by Dr. Whitman's address had subsided, a paper on "Laughter," by Mr.Biehl, was announced. In this paper "Laughter" was considered in an able and witty manner, physiologically, philosophically and generically. The frequent bursts of laughter proved that Mr. Biehl' sprecepts were appreciated.

Next in order came the election of a president. There was but one nomination, which was made by Mr. Loeffler, who, in a most eloquent and complimentary manner, presented the name of Mr. W. F. Biehl. Mr. Biehl was unanimously elected, and took the chair immediately, making a short talk, gracefully expressing his appreciation of the honor.

Up to this time the organization had been nameless, and it was deemed advisable to immediately name the baby. Names long and short, appropriate and otherwise were suggested. After the first ballot all but three were dropped, these being "The Corcoran Scientific Society," "The Corcoran Students League," "The Columbian Corcoran Society." The first two names were the subject of many speeches of varying degrees of eloquence and power, being gilded by one and covered with mud by another. The supporters of the last name were quite silent until the final vote was taken, when they carried their choice by a comfortable majority.

The Hermesian Society.

Owing to the early close of school last week the regular meeting was held on Wednesday, through a new clause in the constitution. There was a debate scheduled to run off, but the debaters were not ready and the affair was a fizzle. This resulted in an amendment to the constitution by C. H. J. Holmead. It was a wise one and well received, concerning the distribution of marks in debates where one or more members are absent or unprepared. Resignations have been handed in from Messrs. M. E. Dow, R. N. Gwynn, H. C. Caldwell and A. C. Morgan, a fact which will be commented upon later. Nevertheless the society is in a good state, while the contest for the year medals is close between Van Auken, Ritchie, Holmead, Everett and one or two others. The society is also trying to arrange for a joint debate with some young ladies' institution, a matter which promises to be very interesting.

The Enosinian.

Owing to the Thanksgiving recess no meeting of the society was held on last Friday. At the next meeting the question for debate will be: Resolved, That war is inconsistent with Christianity. Several of the best debaters in the society are scheduled for this question, and it has awakened a great deal of interest. The installation of the officers elected at the last meeting will occur, and this, together with the good program, will draw out a large crowd.

DEBATES AND DEBATERS.

LAW SCHOOL DEBATING SOCIETY.

December 7th—Resolved, That the prohibition of liquor selling on Sunday is an infringement on the liberties of the people.

Affirmative: Messrs. F. H. Moore, John Stuart and J. E. Flannery. Negative: John M. Spellman, William Haywood and B. M. Doyle.

December 14th—First public debate, the Clay amendment to the Prize Debate clause of the Constitution to govern it.

December 21st—Resolved, That any departure from the precedent established by Washington and other Presidents in retiring from the Presidential office after their second term would be frought with peril to our institutions.

Affirmative: Orin Patterson, J. T. Hendricks and W. C. Oldfield. Negative: T. W. H. Clay, R. H. Riddleberger and Thomas B. Harrison.

COLUMBIAN REVIEW.

The Name Selected for the New University Magazine.

DR. WHITMAN ELECTED EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

During the last ten days a movement of great value to the University has been put on foot, and is rapidly meeting with the kind of support that will assure it success. For a number of years the idea of publishing a University Magazine has been talked of and discussed innumerable times, without bringing any practical results; but now, with the boom and progress brought on by the incoming of Dr. Whitman, the project has been put on a firm basis, and is undoubtedly a go.

A meeting of a number of gentlemen interested in the movement was held on last Wednesday in the President's room, and at that time it was resolved to form "The Columbian Review Co.," with a capital stock of $1,600. This stock will be divided into eighty shares of $20 each, and will bear 6 per cent. interest, with a further dividend of 2 per cent. if the profits allow. A board of directors was elected who announced the following election of officers:

President, R. H. Martin; Secretary and Treasurer, Lee Davis Lodge; Editor-in-Chief, Dr. B. L. Whitman; Associate Editors, Drs. O. T. Mason, C. E. Munroe, and L. D. Lodge; Business Manager, R. S. Barrett, Jr.

The proposed magazine will be published quarterly, beginning March 1, 1896, and each number will consist of 225 pages, printed in the most attractive manner. In its general get-up and appearance it will be far ahead of any college magazine in this country. The subscription price has been put at $2 per year, or 75 cents per single copy. Books are now open in the University building for both the stock and subscription to the magazine.

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THE COLUMBIAN UNIVETSITY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

November 4, 1895.

To Advertisers:

The students of Columbian University intend to issue, beginning November 13, a weekly college paper, known as "THE COLUMBIAN CALL." It will be the only official publication of the student body.

To those who have received benefits from us we ask to show their thanks by advertising in our periodical. To those who have as yet received no share of our trade we only suggest a splendid medium to present their business to the University students.

All advertising contracts should be made with the National Publishing Company of this city, who have complete charge of that department.

Very truly,

R. S. BARRETT, JR.,
Managing Editor.

For space rates and other matters pertaining to the advertising of THE COLUMBIAN CALL address Advertising Department, National Publishing Co., 412, 414, and 416 Central Power Station, Washington, D. C.

Theatre Talk.

The popular Lafayette Square Theatre presents an unusual bill for the week beginning December 9. The Holland brothers, under management of Richard Mansfield, present their latest success, "A Social Highwayman." The caste is largely taken from the Garrick Theatre of New York, and the coming of the strong combination promises to be one of the events that will be remembered among the attractions presented by Mr. Albaugh this season. This week the tuneful opera "The Princess Bonnie" is drawing good houses.

Dainty Gladys Wallis is booked for Allen's Grand next week. She is giving a new rendition of Maggie Mitchell's famous "Fanchon." Wherever her troup has presented this standard play the press notices



GLADYS WALLIS.

have been of a most flattering nature. Her work with Crane has given her a warm place in the Washington heart, and as the merry child of native "Fanchon" she will no doubt seem as of old. Clara Morris in a repertoire of emotional plays is the card for this week.

The Academy of Music has an attractive bill for the week beginning December 9. It is a comedy success bearing the title "Town Topics." Wood and Shepard and the Three Sisters Merilees are in the program. This week the spectacular drama "The White Squadron" is the bill.

Wilson's Greatest Success.

Not in a very long time has New York experienced so agreeable a surprise as that which was given it last September by Francis Wilson's production of Sir Arthur Sulllivan and F. C. Burnand's opera, "The Chieftain." The critics gave it singularly unanimous and unstinted praise and the public went to see it in constantly increasing crowds, until it was commonly said that Mr. Wilson might profitably remain at Abbey's Theatre all winter. But this, of course, his engagements on the road would not permit him to do. Sir Arthur's music is thought by many to be the best he has yet put into comic opera. It is very bright and sparkling, and the manner in which he has scored it is said to be masterly in the highest degree and a genuine treat to the cultivated musical ear. Mr. Burnand's book, too, is most highly spoken of, and it is credited with freedom from a vast number of the faults from which a comic opera libretto has come to be thought by the great majority of the public to be inseparable. Mr. Wilson has put the work on the stage in his usual lavish style, Mr. Richard Barker having had charge of this department, while the chorus has had the advantage of the thorough drilling of Signor De Novellis, who is again Mr. Wilson's musical director.

Mr. Wilson will present "The Chieftain at the New National on Monday, December 9th. The advance sale of seats will open on Thursday.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

The Detroit Free Press Publishes a Full Page "Write-up" of Geo. C. Hazelton's Clever Play

In the first issue of the CALL we gave a short sketch of Lawyer Geo. C. Hazelton and his strong dramatic work drawn from the life of Poe. Creston Clarke produced it in Washington, and the play has been a success wherever given.

Frank H. Hosford, the talented correspondent of the *Detroit Free Press*, furnishes his paper, in the issue of Nov. 24, a brilliant special, with the play as his subject. The article is illustrated with four strong cuts, one of Poe's cottage at Fordham, one of tragedian Clarke, an artistic sketch of Poe made by Mr. Clarke, and a fine likeness of Mr. Hazelton, who, as everybody at the University knows, is an enthusiastic member of the law department. Following are two bright bits that Mr. Hosford has taken from the play, concluding with an interview with the author:

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One in particular occurs in a love scene where Poe is asking for another kiss.

"No,no more kisses," says Virginia.

"Refuse me a kiss, one kiss, a paltry kiss?" complains and coaxes the the lover. "A niggard of a kiss? Why, the zephys, playing in your glossy curls, rob you of them every day you live, as they lovingly pass by, and you never say them 'nay;' the sunbeams wrest them from your lips to feed the daises with; they are silvered by the moonbeams on a summer's night; the joyous song bursting into bloom between these love-lips breathe millions of kisses intc life. Why, worse than the hoarder of the mountain's gold, or the gray-beard, tottering to a lonely grave, clutching, as some drowning man, the jewels of a selfish life, is the miser of a kiss."

"I think I will keep my kisses, all the same," answers Virginia; your philosophy may suit some other girl who does not know you."

Poe returns to the pursuit with: "Virginia, what is a kiss to you or me, if kept? It has not being. 'Tis useless on the owner's lips, while a fair exchange makes both more rich by the barter of such merchandise."

And Virginia answers: "Oh, my kisses are not rich unless exchanged for yours? A man's conceit." But then, woman-like, she surrenders.

Dr. Simon M. Landis once made the astonishing announcement that, after a careful reading of "Hamlet," he had made up his mind that it was not a funny play. I can say as much of the drama, "Edgar Allan Poe." Like the poet's life, it seems surcharged with gloom and melancholy. Yet it has lights among its shadows. The character of Tony Preston, Poe's big-hearted and buoyant but bibulous friend, is drawn in the colors of the sunlight, and serves to brighten the rather gruesome story of Poe's career. Preston is an amiable, devil-may-care young tippler—true blue at heart, as events reveal—who says to all those who invite him to the cheer of the flowing bowl, "Don't force me, or I shall have to yield," and "None of our family could say 'no.'" Another time Preston calls on his companions to "fill, fill—to my sweetheart!"

"Who is she, Tony?"

"Why," replies the jolly living temperance lesson, "I thought everybody knew!" And taking up a black bottle and regarding it fondly, he offers this apostrophe:

"My sweetheart's Merry Whisky. There's a figure for you! Show me a more swan-like neck, or a better pucker to the lips. We have our lovers' quarrels, too, but they are short. Father objects to our union. Sub rosa, he's in love with her himself. Oh, Merry, you are the dearest love a man ever had, so soothing, so confiding, so demonstrative! I am never so happy as when we are together. Sweet one, you inspire me with new life and hope. My veins leap for joy at your approach. I swear, Merry Whisky shall never know so true a lover as Tony Preston."

I have just enjoyed an interview with George C. Hazelton, Jr., the author of the drama. Mr. Hazelton is himself twenty-seven, just the age at which his hero married his child-wife. Hazelton was born on the same day of the month as the poet, sixty years afterward. He is three years the junior of the accomplished actor who has wrought the Poe of his creation into a thing of the flesh and blood. In speaking of the construction of the play Mr. Hazleton said: "While studying the poem of the Raven, the thought came to me that Lenore may have represented the happiness which the poet found with his child-wife, Virginia. The Raven, the demon shadow that overhung his ill-fated life, and this conceit furnished for me, at last, a fanciful key to his career.



FRANCIS WILSON IN "THE CHIEFTAIN."

"Poe idealized women, and whatever may have been his faults, he never loved but once. When I read of his wild attachment for Helen Whitman, the poetess, after the death of Virginia, and his burning letters to her, I said: 'This is the infatuation of a disorded brain, seeking in vain for the happiness which had passed from it forever. It is not a second love, but rather the spirit of the departed love he seeks.' I made the two women look alike, and there was my play.

"Whatever may be the popular verdict upon my reading of the poet's heart, I believe every lover of poetry owes Creston Clarke a debt of gratitude for the beautiful and artistic rendition which he has given us to Poe's character, and for his earnest attempt to make him a living stage personage, in order that he may be better known to the people, less maligned and more beloved.

"Creston Clarke is my ideal of the poet Poe, and Miss Adelaide Prince gives a charming portrayal of both his southern love and his northern fancy.

"While we were preparing for the production of the play," continued the author, "Mr. Clarke visited the home and haunts of the poet at Fordham, N. Y. We found people alive there who knew Poe, and had been his neighbors. Fordham was in a wild country when Poe lived

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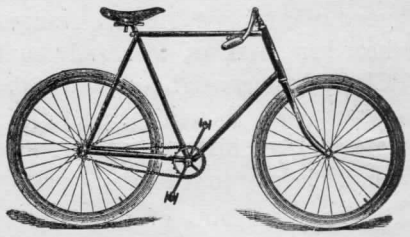
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there, and the King's Bridge road was not the traveled thoroughfare it is to-day. It ran through a farming community then. We found the surviving tradition there that the poet was often seen sitting among the rocks, in some secluded spot in the woods, scribbling on bits of paper by the hour, and an old inhabitant remembers that he never wore a hat while strolling among the trees. We found an old arm chair, and a clock, and a bible, which belonged to Poe at Fordham, but we could not persuade the old lady who treasured these to part with them, even for the good of our play. It was strange to hear her speak of Poe and 'Auntie Clemm' as her neighbors, and of their poverty, for, though the poet died as late as 1849, his sad face seems to me to belong to the distant past.

"The occupants of the Fordham cottage kindly showed me through the house, and expressed surprise that I should come from far-off Washington to see the place where Poe's wife, Virginia, starved. It was, indeed, something of a travesty on fate, when we think of it.

" Mr. Clarke and I walked to the spot beneath the trees, about a mile distant from the cottage, where they laid Virginia on a cold winter's day, in what was known as the Valentine vault. The poet did not own land enough to give Virginia even a grave. When, after his death, this vault was removed, what remained of the bones of Poe's Virginia were gathered into a little box and sent to Baltimore, where they were placed at the poet's side. Poe and 'Aunty Clemm' now lie beneath a handsome monument, which has been lately raised to the poet's memory, and the little box of Virginia's ashes rests outside. As the old sexton, who is as fine a character as Shakespeare put into the Hamlet church yard, remarked to me, while standing by the grave: 'There wasn't room enough under the stone, so I put 'er outside.' And so, in one of the quaintest church yards in the country, in the very heart of Baltimore, rest the three who so loved each other and shared life's trials.

"It is a most pathetic story of 'Aunty Clemm' trudging about the streets of New York to the publishers with Poe's manuscripts trying to sell them for her 'Eddie.' It is said she never uttered an unkind word of the poet, though she shared his darkest days. When he was mentioned she would only wipe her eyes, and say 'poor Eddie.' And when she heard of his death she said: 'Poor Eddie; it wouldn't have happened if I had been there!'"

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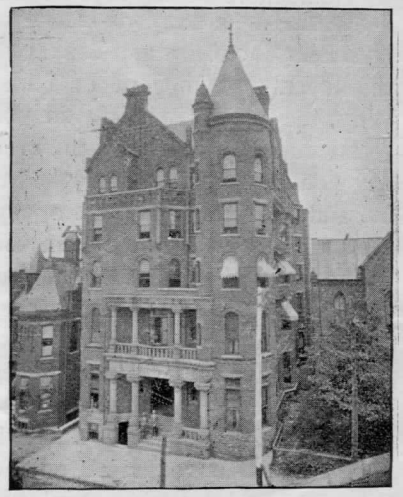
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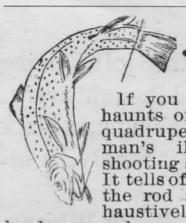
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